

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF
THE CANADIAN WESTThe Cities of Western Canada
Reflect the Growth of the
Country.

As one passes through Western Canada, taking the City of Winnipeg as a starting point, and then keeping tab on the various cities and towns that line the network of railways that cover the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and covering the eyes as the gaze is bent on these it is felt that there must be "something of a country" behind it all. Then again you look like and the same view is presented. Field after field of waving grain, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them. Farm hands and laborers are at work converting the virgin prairie with more fields. Pasture land in every direction on which cattle are feeding, thriving and fattening on the grasses that are rich in both milk and beef properties, but it is unfortunate that more cattle are not seen. That, however, is correcting itself. Here we have in a large measure, the evidence of the wealth that helps to build up the cities, and it should not be forgotten that the cities themselves have as citizens, young men who have come from other parts, and brought with them the experience that has taught them to avoid the mistakes of eastern and southern cities. They also are imbued with the western spirit of enterprise, energy and push, and so Western Canada has its cities. At a banquet recently given in Chicago, a number of prominent citizens of Winnipeg were guests. Among the speakers was Mayor Deacon of Winnipeg.

In speaking of the remarkable growth of that city, which in thirty years has risen from a population of 2,000 to one of 200,000, he spoke of it as being the gateway of commerce and continued: "Now, how great that tide of commerce is you will find some conception of when I tell you that the wheat alone grown in the three prairie provinces this year is sufficient to keep a steady stream of one thousand bushels per minute continuously night and day going to the head of the lakes for three and one-half months, and in addition to that the oats and barley would supply this stream for another four months.

"The value of the grain crop alone grown in the three prairie provinces would be sufficient to build up our great transcontinental railroads and all their equipment, everything connected with them, from ocean to ocean.

"Now, if we are able to do this with only ten per cent of our arable land under cultivation what will our possibilities be when 283,000,000 of acres of the best land that the sun shines on is brought under the plow? Do you not see the potent of a great, vigorous, populous nation living under those sunny skies north of the 49th parallel? And it with our present development we are able to do as we are doing now, to purchase a million dollars' worth of goods from you every day of the year, what will our trade be worth when we have fully developed the country?

"Now, who shall assist us to develop this great empire that is there? Shall it be the alien races of southern Europe or shall it be men of our own blood and language? In the last three fiscal years no less than 358,000 American farmers have come into Western Canada, bringing with them goods and cash to the value of \$350,000,000. And I want to say here that no man who sets foot on our shores is more entirely and heartily welcome than the agriculturist from the south.

"So long as these conditions remain I consider that this is the best guaranty that the sword will never again be drawn in anger between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The grain crops of Western Canada in 1913 have well upheld the reputation that country has for abundant yields of all small grains—Advertisement.

Thoughtful Wife.
A woman who had gone to a hospital to be operated upon wrote two postcards.

"Please send whichever one is appropriate afterwards," she told the nurse.

These were the cards:

"My Dear Husband: I have had the operation and am doing nicely. Will be at home in a week or two."

"My Dear Husband: I have had the operation, and am sorry to tell you that I did not survive."—New York Evening Post.

IS EPILEPSY CONQUERED?

New Jersey Physician Said to Have Many Cures to His Credit.

Red Bank, N. J., June 1.—Prof. J. J. Perkins from every direction fully confirm previous reports that the remarkable treatment for epilepsy being administered by Dr. Perkins of this city, is achieving wonderful results. Old and stubborn cases have been greatly benefited and many patients claim to have been entirely cured.

Persons suffering from epilepsy should write at once to Dr. H. H. Perkins, Branch 49, Red Bank, N. J., for a supply of the remedy which is being distributed gratuitously.—Adv.

A Family Affair.

"I called on Mrs. X. for a contribution to our charity fund and got \$10. Then I went to her husband's office."

"Did he put his name down?"

"Oh, yes; he wrote 'Mr. and Mrs.' in front of his wife's name, and handed back the book."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletchler* in Use For Over 30 Years.

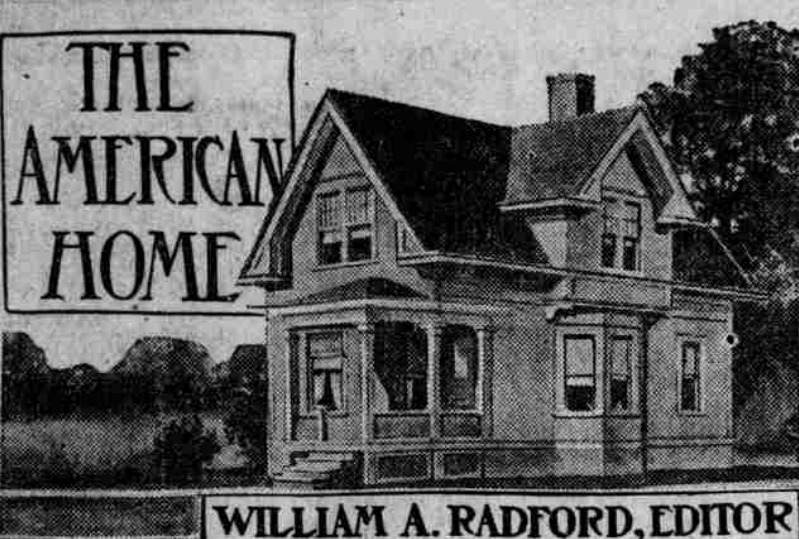
Children Cry for Fletchler's Castoria.

Works Both Ways.
"Why is it that with the squeaky shoes always comes late?"

"I don't know. Why is it that the man who comes in late always wears squeaky shoes?"—Puck.

A Seer Himself.
Fortune Teller—I see a loss of money.

Victim—Yes, so do I; I paid you in advance.



WILLIAM A. RADFORD, EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 17 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

One of the most comfortable little cottage houses ever built is shown in this design. When you come to corral all the necessary modern improvements and fit them into a little house only twenty feet in width and thirty feet in length you have quite a job on your hands; but that is exactly what has been done in designing this little five room cottage. "Bungalow" some people would call it, because the word bungalow is very fashionable just now, but a bungalow properly speaking is a one story house with a flat, or at least a low roof.

It often happens that a family is very anxious to own a home and they find houses and lots so expensive that after looking around for several months they are obliged to give it up, at any rate for the time being. It is to meet just such cases that I recommend such small low cost houses as this.

American as a rule have rather large ideas in regard to dwellings. As a usual thing they want large rooms and plenty of them, but I find that public opinion is passing through a change and it has been brought about largely through the influence of city flats, many of which contain little conveniences that are not common in houses.

Taxes in larger cities are double what they were ten or twenty years ago. Skilled mechanics get four or five dollars a day whereas formerly they got two or three dollars, and the same scale of expense follows through all the different departments of building. The result is that architects have learned how to work the necessities from comfort into very small compass, together with a great many luxuries, and to combine the many good features into dwellings of very small proportions.



First Floor Plan.

many furnaces are placed in the most objectionable positions just because the owners neglected to think up on the subject before the heating plant was installed.

It makes no difference to a furnace man where the heater is placed except that some pipes carry hot air better than others; and they should be longer and others should be shorter in proportion for this reason. But such calculations apply more particularly to larger houses. In a little house like this where the pipes are all short the furnace may be placed on one side of the chimney just as well as to put it on the other side. The only question to decide is where the owner wants it and the owner should not only know but he should know why.

Eyesight Worth Money.
The man who can walk about the lawn or in the park and pick up four-leaf clovers has an eye that is worth big money to him. He can easily be trained to see things that ordinary men will miss or have to look a long time to find.

Some men who go hunting can see a squirrel in an oak, or a flicker tree with apparent ease, while others who go strolling about the timber and never see the game at all. It is the same way in the open field. The rabbit can be found sitting by some, while others will almost run over the creature before it is detected.

This ability is a gift. This is not only a gift developed by some and undeveloped by others as a result of their surroundings, but it measures the exact amount of intelligent effort that has been expended in attaining this ability, also their perseverance in the line of endeavor. Aside from the external causes that have made us what we are, environment and heredity, is an inherent capacity of individual intelligence, or, in other words, natural ability.

Praise for the Cabaret.
"Do you like these places where you have music with your meals?"

"You mean the cabaret restaurants? I'm very fond of them. I'm for anything that'll keep you from hearing people eat soup."

The Victim.
He—Did the plumber I sent home do everything all right?

She—He did only one thing all right as far as I could see.

He—What was that?

She—Us.

Was the Original Spug.
The original spug, who passed away in 1687, long before the society was ever thought about, was one Sir William Petty, born 1623, in the town of Ramsey, Hampshire, England. That he is worthy of canonization as the patron saint of the order finds proof in his last will and testament, wherein he says, foreseeing the many evils that may arise from injudicious gifts: "As for beggars by trade and election, I give them nothing. As for impostors by the hand of God, the public ought

to maintain them. As for those who compassionate the sufferings of any object, let them relieve themselves by relieving such sufferers.

"I am contented that I have assisted all my poor relations and put many in the way of getting their own bread, and have sought out real objects of charity, and I do hereby conjure all who partake of my estate from time to time to do the same at their peril."

Matrimony has frequently proved to be a good cure for egotism.

SHOWING HIM THE WAY

By SHERMAN SPICER.

They said of Will Millington: "Must have been born lazy."

"Hain't got the pluck of a rabbit."

"Will never amount to shucks."

"Been through college, but don't know beans."

"Ought to have a dynamite explosion to rouse him up."

And thus said Gladys Nestle: "Funny how she ever came to take him."

"But she will never marry him."

"She's a great hustler for a girl."

"Some chap is bound to come along and shake her away from him."

"She's got more hustle in one shoe than he has in his whole body."

They had been talking that way for about a year. The persons meant by "they" comprised a good proportion of the little town of Manchester. Both the young man and the girl had been born there, and were known to everybody. The couple were talking about the first time they went skating together. There was more talk when they went fishing together. Will went away to college to take the course in civil engineering, and the girl went to a commercial school, and there was nothing else talked about for a week.

"What in the world does she want of a business education?"

"It's too lazy to study."

There are people who are born lymphatic. This doesn't mean lazy. It means a disposition to get along the easiest way—to let the other fellow do the perspiring and the worrying—believes that things will come out all right in the end. Such a person is always good-tempered and always ready to say a good word for everybody.

There are plenty of girls who were born to be hustlers and would have been hustlers but for circumstances. They have what is called the commercial instinct just as much as a young man. They can see opportunities for speculation just as quickly. Given the cash capital to begin with, they would achieve success as soon as one of the other sex.

Gladys Nestle didn't care for dolls when she was a child. She traded them off for pins or marbles. If she got candy it was not given outright to her. It was sold to her at half price.

It was she who sold the paper bags and made the buyer pay the highest price. Her father had been a grocer for ten years and yet did not know how to make an inviting window display.

It was Gladys who, a year later, was collecting on commission old accounts that had been charged off to profit and loss. At fifteen she was earning enough to pay her way.

For the most part Miss Gladys attended commercial college. Will Millington didn't earn his board. He was a civil engineer out of a position. He wrote half a dozen letters here and there, but as they were not favorably replied to he ceased his efforts. Some day his chance was bound to come. Why worry? He didn't worry even when his best friends predicted that no girl worth having would accept such an easy-going poke.

Almost the day Miss Gladys came home from school a relative died and left her a number of thousands of dollars. Her father wanted the money, but he might enlarge his store. She proposed to use it to carry out schemes of her own.

The girl's attitude toward the civil engineer was a puzzle to herself. She loved him because he was good, and yet she was dissatisfied with his seeming want of self-confidence and ambition. Could he be roused out of himself? If that were possible then, just how could it be done?

Mr. Millington had been off on a fishing trip and therefore didn't know yet that Miss Gladys was home, when a young lady called at his office one afternoon. He sat there as large as life and she came as placid as when the young lady inquired if Mr. Millington was in.

"Why, Gladys, what do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"I understand that Mr. Millington is a civil engineer and I have some business with him."

"But Gladys—"

"Is he in or out?" she demanded.

"Why—why, he's in, of course."

"Are you the gentleman?"

"Yes."

"Then, Mr. Millington, I have a few questions to ask you in the way of business. You have just returned from a fishing trip and haven't got rested up yet. Suppose I come in tomorrow at this hour, when you may possibly feel brighter?"

"Gladys, I can't understand—" he began.

"Tomorrow, then!"

Fifteen minutes later a friend of the business entered the office to find the young man wiping the beads of sweat from his forehead, and his collar going limp.

"Better consult a doctor at once," was advised after a long and surprised look.

At the same hour next day Miss Gladys returned. Mr. Millington

Self-Evident Disobedience.
Little Jack was tearful and dejected.

"What in the world is the matter?" inquired mamma.

"Well, Tommy Jones told me their goat would eat tin cans and everything like that, and I hunted up all they were in our back yard and when I took them over to Joneses the mean old thing wouldn't eat a one of them."

"I wouldn't feel so badly over a little thing like that."

No, 'tain't so much 'cause he wouldn't eat the cans, but Tommy's mother told me to pick them all up and take them back home or she'd give me a spanking."

"Of course you minded."

"Don't see any old cans in our back yard, do you?"

Sweetest Words.
"Are there any sweeter words in the English language," musingly inquired Professor Swiggs, "than 'I love you'?"

"Well," grimly remarked the pessimist, "I have heard of a man who was so thoroughly satisfied with his money I owe you; as about the epitome of satisfactory sentences."

LUKE OF ADVENTURE.
Pond parents need no longer chide their young "hopefuls" for reading lurid dime novels. They have the highest in the land as their example, for it is said that Woodrow Wilson, the president of the United States, is a habitual dime novel reader. And he is not even ashamed of it.

After a hard day's work the president delves into the adventures of Dick Turpin or Sherlock Holmes. For the sake of the country's machinery

seemed to have caught up with his sleep. He arose to shake hands, but the girl helped herself to a chair and said:

"You have, of course, noticed the rather peculiar situation of affairs on Glen street?"

"Gladys, I feel that some explanation is—"

"All the best residence in town are on the west side of Glen street, and not a house of any sort on the east. This is because of two reasons. An old maid at Arlington owns the east side for seven blocks, and has steadily refused to sell. Again, there is a bad hill along that property, which must be graded down, and the lower end is an acre of swamp. Do you follow me?"

"I suppose I do, but—"

"If you don't, sir, I can get an engineer that can and will. Are you filling a situation just now?"

"I have been disappointed in finding one."

"Then I should like to employ you for a time. What salary per month will satisfy you?"

"By George, Gladys—"

"What salary, sir?" she demanded, as she held up her hand.

"Oh, well, say \$50 a month."

"As you are here on the ground I will make it \$75. First of all not a hint must get to the public. Give me as close as you can an estimate of the number of cubic yards of earth to be removed. I shall want that two days hence and will call here for it."

"It may take me a week," replied Mr. Millington.

"It may take you a month, if you sit here in the office."

"But all this—"

"Good afternoon, sir!"

Miss Gladys was back at the time appointed. When she had been given the estimate she said:

"Yesterday I bought that whole east side of Glen street. I want that hill graded down and the swamp filled. Go to Swift & Morris, the contractors, and get a bid from them for the work. I will be here at ten o'clock in the morning."

"I was going to drive to Lansing with Fred Bascomb," said the engineer.

"You are under salary to me, sir, and I want that report."

When the figures were given her next day she said:

"The firm has no work at present and should be willing to knock off \$300 from this figure. Go out and telephone there to that effect."

The firm came to her figures and she then said to the engineer:

"That ground is to be platted to lots 100 by 150. Do it as quickly as possible, please."

A party of the boys are hunting next week, and—

"You will plat those lots, sir!"

They were platted. Then it was:

"There will be cement to buy for the sidewalks. Buy it. I am going to build two fine two houses myself, to make the other lots go off. See the builders and get bids. Shave every bid 15 per cent. There will be wells and cellars to see to. There will be painting and fencing. There must be hustling."

"Gladys, if you only would—"

But she wouldn't. The civil engineer was turned into a messenger boy, an agent, and an overseer as well. He rebelled, but he did the work. And he hustled. He not only surprised himself, but the state as well. It was only when that grading had been finished—houses built—lots sold, and a clear profit of \$20,000 shown on the transaction, that Miss Gladys asked:

"Well, do you think your hustle will last?"

"I'm sure I've woke up for good."

"Then drop your profession and be my partner in a real estate office right here. There's money to be made—lots of money."

"And about that other partnership?" he timidly asked.

"If you keep up the hustle you'll probably overtake me!" she laughed.

As the office sign gives his name only it is probable that he did.

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Explained the Reason.
Down in Wall street there seems to be as many people as ever, says a New York dispatch, but the state as well. It was only when that grading had been finished—houses built—lots sold, and a clear profit of \$20,000 shown on the transaction, that Miss Gladys asked:

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Romance in Gibbon's Life.
Edward Gibbon, author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," had his engagement with the Swiss Miss Murchison broken off by his father, mainly on account of his son's love for a girl of a different religion.

On his return to England Gibbon wrote: "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed as a lover, but I obeyed as a son." The disappointment made Gibbon a sad and sour man all his life.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

soothes your throat!

After smoking it cools your mouth—makes it moist and refreshed.

Heartburn and flatulence disappear.

Enjoy smoking more by enjoying this goody that improves your breath, teeth, appetite, and digestion.

Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PEPSIN GUM

CAUTION!

Dishonest persons are wrapping rank imitations to look like the clean, pure, healthful WRIGLEY'S. These will be offered principally by street fakirs, peddlers and candy departments of some 5 and 10 cent stores. Refuse them! Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S.

BUY IT BY THE BOX

of most dealers—for 85 cents.

Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages.

Chew it after every meal

AS GREEK UNDERSTANDS IT

Student's Rendering of Shakespearean Phrase Somewhat Literal, But He Had the Idea.

A young Greek merchant of Washington, who has been taking lessons in English, has just rendered a lesson, and so far advanced that his teacher recently introduced him to the beauties—and perplexities—of Shakespeare. He was instructed to read a passage several times until he had the ideas firmly fixed in his mind and then, closing the book, to put these ideas into his own English, following as closely as his memory permitted the author's text.

He had read over a soliloquy of Othello's several times and was reproducing the Moor's somber thoughts with pretty fair approximation to the poet's words. But when he reached the last line: "Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone!" he stopped short, utterly at a loss. The original phrasing had quite escaped him. However, he had grasped the idea, for after a few seconds of frowning perplexity his brow cleared.

"Ah, I have it!" he exclaimed. "Eet as 'thou! 'So long! Othello's leet bees jop!"—New York Evening Post.

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. I took Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.

Willing to Learn.
Pauline motored to a station to meet her dearest friend, who was coming down for a week-end.

"Oh, Belle," cried Pauline enthusiastically, "do you know, Mr. Barnum, the young millionaire, is going to teach me to swim."

"To swim!" exclaimed the guest, wonderingly. "Why, Pauline, I thought you had been taught already."

"Yes, so I have taught," said Pauline, "but not by him."

Extravagant Diet.
"My, but that woman's got money to blow away!"

"How do you know?"

"Didn't you just hear her order a soft-boiled egg?"

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

Good advice may help a man, but a good scare is generally more effective.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

relieves rheumatism quickly. It stimulates the circulation—instantly relieves stiffness and soreness of muscles and joints. Don't rub—it penetrates.

Rheumatism Neuralgia

Stiffness Vanished.
"I suffered with an awful stiffness in my legs. That night I gave my legs a good rubbing with Sloan's Liniment and before morning I could jump out of bed. I have been supplied with a bottle of Sloan's Liniment since."—Mr. A. Moore of Manchester, N. H.

Spurred Alike Relieved.
"I was ill for a long time with a severely sprained ankle. I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and now I am able to be about and can walk a great deal. I write this because I think you deserve a lot of credit for pointing out such a fine Liniment to the market and I shall always take time to recommend Dr. Sloan's Liniment."—Mrs. M. J. Jones of Baltimore, Md.

Sloan's Liniment gives a grateful sensation of comfort. Good for sprains, neuralgia, sore throat and toothache. Use it now.

At all Druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Send for Sloan's free book on home remedies.

Address **Dr. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.**

EVEN IN PRESENCE OF DEATH

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